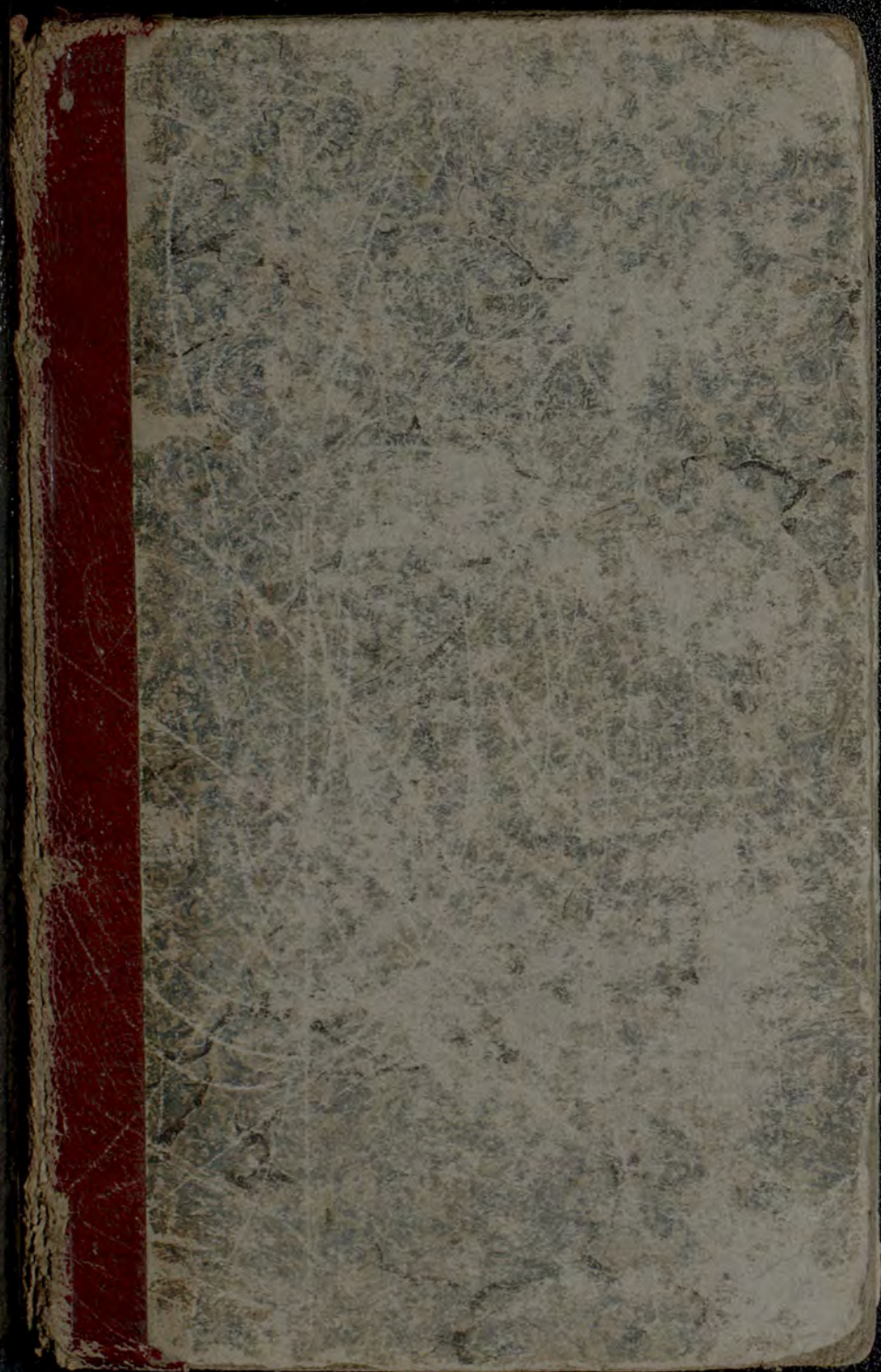




72766

From
the
collection
of
Ruth Adomeit



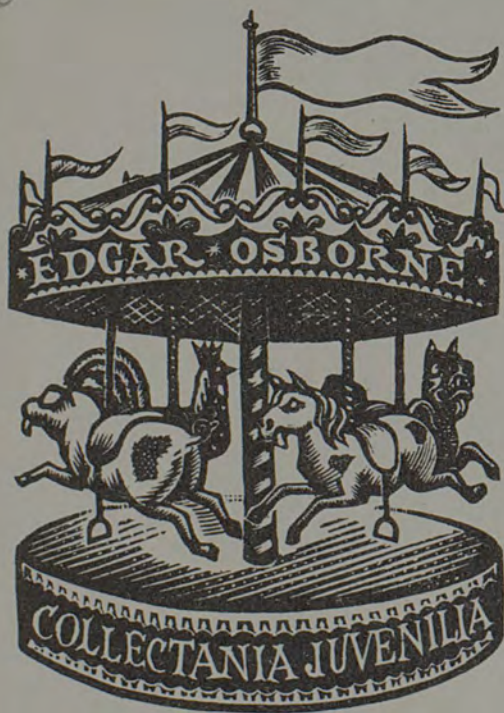
58



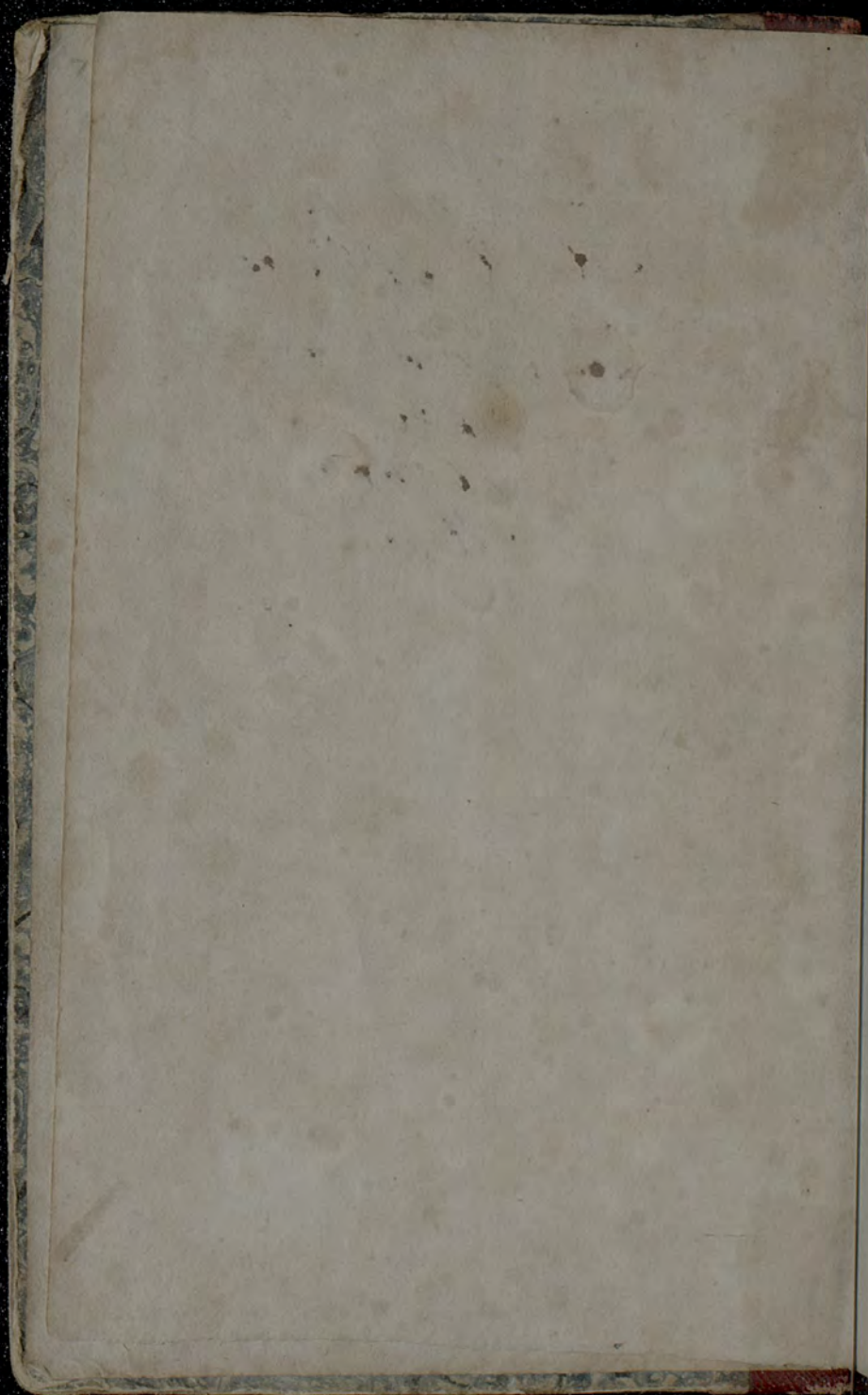
37131

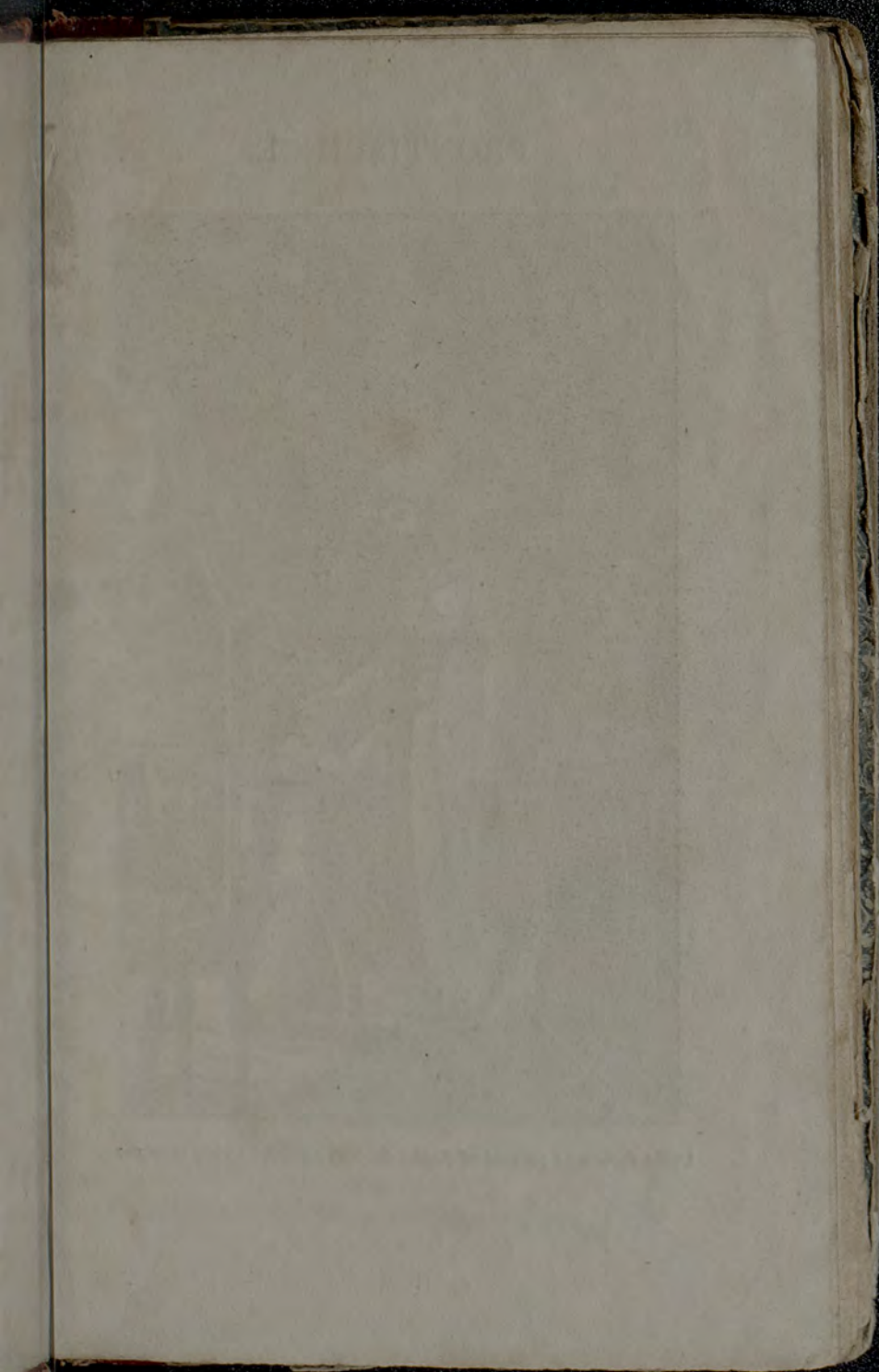
M. J. de Jonge
H. V. de Jonge
Leentje de Jonge.

93



37131 03 9 927 488





FRONTISPIECE.



Lydia shewing a present of Books she had received to her Mamma.

THE
HISTORY
OF
LITTLE
LYDIA SOMERVILLE;
AN
Interesting Story;
CALCULATED FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF
JUVENILE MINDS.

Embellished with Sixteen Beautiful Engravings on Wood.

EDINBURGH:
Published by Oliver & Boyd;
AND SOLD BY LAW AND WHITTAKER, LONDON;
JOHNSTON AND DEAS, DUBLIN; AND
W. TURNBULL, GLASGOW.

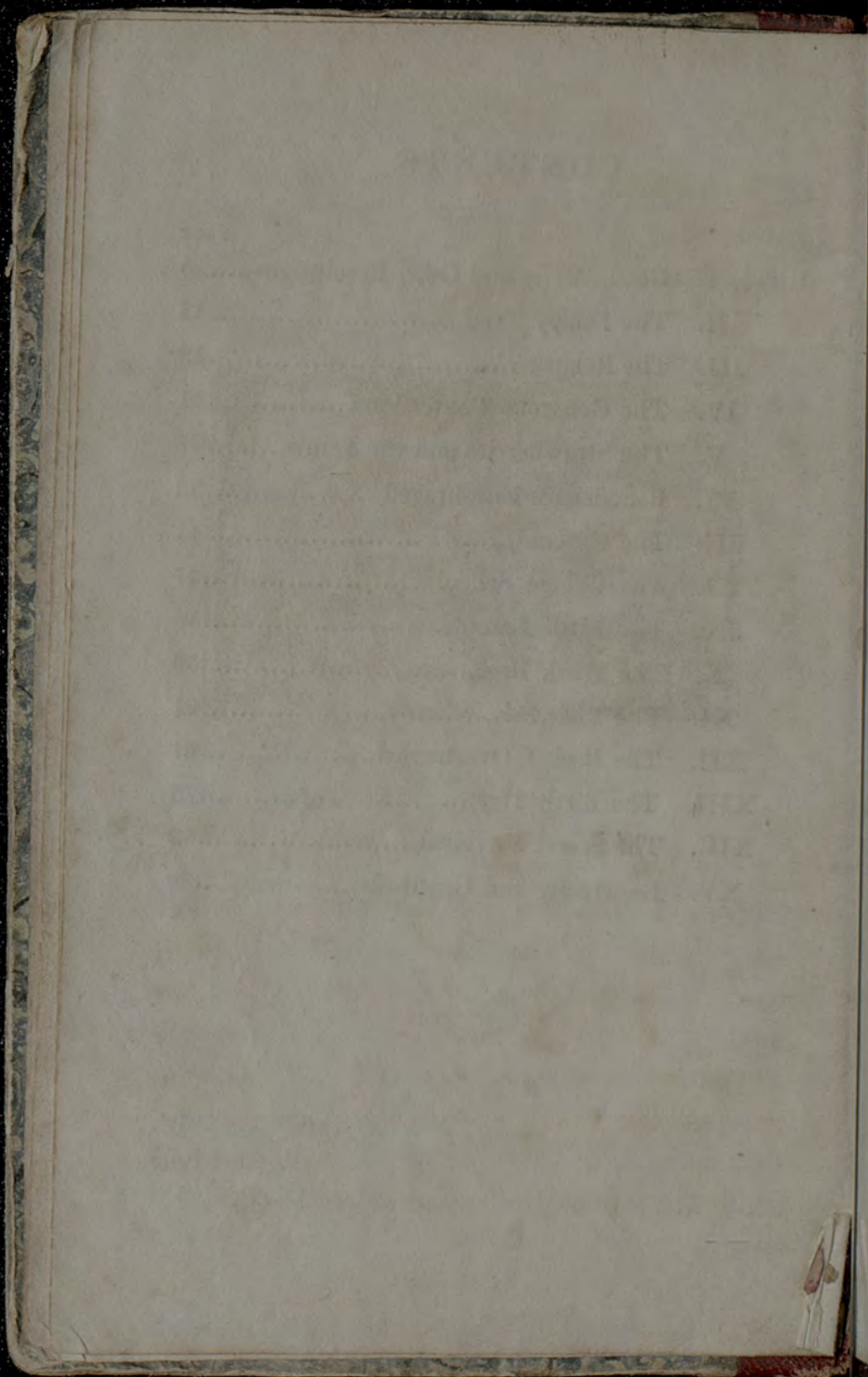
[Price One Shilling and Sixpence, Half-bound.]

Entered in Stationers' Hall.

Oliver & Boyd, Printers.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAP. I. Good Advice and Good Resolutions,.....	5
II. The Happy Trial,.....	13
III. The Relapse,.....	18
IV. The Generous Confession,.....	21
V. The Strawberries and the Prints,.....	27
VI. Beneficence Encouraged,.....	33
VII. The Garland,.....	41
VIII. The Village School,.....	47
IX. The Little Lamb,.....	50
X. The Work Bag,.....	55
XI. The Visit,.....	61
XII. The Basket Overturned,.....	67
XIII. The Birth Day,.....	73
XIV. The Secret Unveiled,.....	82
XV. Generosity and Gratitude,.....	89



LITT
ner
readin
mothe
seate
ran to
that h
made

LYDIA SOMERVILLE.



CHAP. I.

Good Advice and Good Resolutions.

LITTLE LYDIA was one day alone in a corner of the parlour, amusing herself with reading little stories for children, when her mother entered the room. She was scarcely seated, when Lydia, observing her mamma, ran towards her in a transport of joy, saying, that her aunt had come to see her, and had made her a present of some pretty books.

A

then take you to be the most amiable little creature in the world; but if you happen to see that any person has taken your place, or that you cannot at the moment have what you wish, then your countenance changes, you assume an air of displeasure, and I hear you mumbling between your teeth. I am sorry, Lydia, that you encourage yourself in these bad habits.

Lydia. And what ought I to do, mamma?

Mrs Somerville. I will tell you; first, desire earnestly, with all your heart, to be good. (and I flatter myself that is your disposition); then, instead of only doing what you like, you ought to form a resolution to do nothing you believe to be wrong, or that I have forbid.

Lydia. Do you think, mamma, by these means I can become good?

Mrs Somerville. Surely, my dear girl; for it is in your power only to avoid evil, and that which is wrong. For example, at breakfast I often see you appear impatient till you have received your cup and toast. If you reflect a moment, you will see how nearly this impatience is allied to gluttony; do you think you

could not prevent yourself from wishing to be served before others, and of stamping with anger when I do not wait upon you?

Lydia. Yes, mamma; you are right; that only depends upon me.

Mrs Somerville. Without doubt, my dear; and it is the same on all other occasions. When you do not feel yourself disposed to learn your lessons, or to work, you have only to think a little how much it is necessary that you be instructed in every thing a young lady ought to know, and how much idleness is blameable. With the help of this reflection you will be able to work with your superiors, without pouring out vain complaints.

Lydia. But you must allow, mamma, I am not more unruly after your advice.

Mrs Somerville. That is true; but it is because the advice interests you. Now, I wish you to fulfil all your duties with this reflection, that you are obliged to acquit yourself of them. Then you would do things which do not yield much pleasure, as well as those which amuse you. Above all, I would ardently desire to see you more disposed to oblige people,

and more attentive to watch over your bad humour, and to have a more equal temper.

Lydia. But I am often contradicted in what I wish, and is it not quite natural for me to be angry?

Mrs Somerville. No, my girl; it is more natural to be patient, being well persuaded that we cannot have every thing according to our wishes. When your brother William comes into the parlour, and takes your book or your doll, I believe you would have liked better that he had not touched either; but must you on this occasion make a great noise, tell him of the injury, run after him, and tear the play-things from his hands? Would it not be much better to say to him mildly; "My dear William, give me, I pray you, my book or my doll." And if he does not give you it immediately, as he is only a child, you should wait a little till he gives them up of his own accord, though perhaps you desire to have them immediately. I can assure you, that this would cost you much less trouble than putting yourself in a passion, grumbling, striking with your foot, and rendering yourself

disagreeable to all around you. Don't your thoughts correspond with mine?

Lydia. Yes, mamma; I begin to believe they do. I am never happy when I am in a bad humour, and when I see you angry with me. I seriously wish to try and correct myself.

On saying these words, Lydia threw her arms around her mother's neck, who embraced her tenderly, and said: "I am pleased with your resolution, and I now think of the means to keep you in remembrance of it."

Lydia. Oh! let me hear it; let me hear it, I pray you.

Mrs Somerville. My plan is, to write every evening an account of what you have done during the day. Every morning, when we are seated in the parlour at breakfast, I shall read it aloud; and I think you will be much more satisfied with my instruction when you have been a good child, than when you have been naughty.

Lydia. Oh! my dear mamma, if I have not been watchful to act according to your de-

sire, then I would not like to have my behaviour made public to every body.

Mrs Somerville. It would be a little disagreeable, I confess; but it is in your power to avoid it by a good behaviour. Remember I shall begin your story to-morrow morning.



CHAP. II.

The Happy Trial.

NEXT day, Lydia, on wakening, recalled to her mind the conversation she had with her mamma the preceding day, and she formed a resolution to behave herself well all that day. Accordingly she rose the moment the maid entered her room. She let the maid dress her quietly, and politely thanked Justine for her trouble.

Having said her prayers with great attention, she went down to the parlour, kindly embraced her papa, mamma, brothers, and sisters, and seated herself at the bottom of the table to breakfast. She waited without impatience, till every one was served, and did not throw her eyes over the toast to choose the largest as formerly. She eat gracefully, not filling her mouth too full, and without spoiling her clothes.

After breakfast, she followed her mamma into her apartment. They had made her a chest, with a very pretty corner in it, that she might lock up her work and books in it. She took out a book, sat down, and began to read in an easy and natural tone of voice, stopping at the end of every sentence before beginning another; paid the greatest attention to her lesson, at the same time she perfectly understood it.

She afterwards occupied her time in learning her grammar lesson: she found in it some difficulties, which were ready to discourage and put her in a bad humour; but she soon remembered that her mamma intended to write a journal of the day. This reflection gave her

courage; she redoubled her efforts, and at last learned a whole verb, which she repeated to her mamma without a fault.

To amuse herself after her application, she took a bit of canvass and began to embroider some flowers upon it. She wrought for an hour, till her mamma permitted her to go and divert herself in the garden. Her brother Charles was amusing himself there by cultivating a corner of it. She offered her services to him, and even had the goodness to give him some proper advice.

At dinner, she conducted herself as well as at breakfast. In the afternoon, she besought her mamma to allow her to play with her geographical cards. She had just put together all the kingdoms of Europe, and was preparing to tell her mamma the names of the capital cities of each country, when her little brother hastily entered the room, and, throwing his hat upon the table, shuffled all the kingdoms and republics. Lydia had almost given way to passion, but the fear of her mamma writing it in her journal occurred to her. She contented herself with taking the hat gently from Wil-

liam, and saying to him, " I beg of you, brother, not to return here again ; look at the disorder you have occasioned ; it is necessary for me to begin again." But the little boy, who found great diversion in seeing them overturned, no sooner saw them replaced, than he again threw his hat upon the table.

Three times she had the patience to re-establish order in the geography of Europe, and three times her brother had the mischief to disorder them. Lydia at last, without being angry, collected the cards, and putting them in their box, said to her mamma : " William is so troublesome to-day, that it will be better to give up my amusements till he goes out." " No, my dear," said her mamma, " he will not confuse them any more ; I wished to see to what degree you could carry your moderation, and I am content with this trial." She then took the little boy by the hand, and told him, in a severe tone, if he continued to tease his sister, she would put him out of the room ; and she then gave him some prints to amuse himself with.

Lydia was not in disgrace all that day. Every body admired her behaviour. She did not trouble people with talkativeness, nor with noisy play, but very innocently amused herself with her doll till supper-time; and when she retired to bed, she had the pleasure of receiving a thousand caresses from her parents.

B



CHAP. III.

The Relapse.

NEXT day at breakfast, Lydia listened with much pleasure to the account her mamma gave of her behaviour the preceding day. It was the same for some days following. They did not require to reproach her with gluttony, idleness, or bad humour; and her mamma began to entertain a hope of seeing her soon

conquer all her defects. But I am obliged to tell you that in this she was disappointed.

Lydia got a lesson which was a little difficult, but would have become intelligible to her on a second study; but her courage failed her, and she laid it aside grumbling. "My dear," said her mamma, "I am afraid this will not sound well in our history; and, taking the book, she wished to explain what puzzled her; but Lydia turned her head aside, and began to stamp with her foot. Mrs Somerville then placed the book upon the table, and, without uttering a word, went out of the room. She remained some time without, and when she again entered, her daughter was seated in a corner of the room. Lydia, upon seeing her mother, did not raise her eyes or speak to her. The recollection of the fault she had committed, after the good conduct she had kept up during a whole week, and the honour bestowed upon her for her good sense, overwhelmed her with grief. She would have given all the world that she had not spent the last half hour so idly. But, alas! all her regret was vain. After a long interval of silence,

her mother said to her: "What do you think of your conduct now, Lydia?"

Lydia. Ah! my dear mamma, I think how much I will be ashamed to-morrow, when you read the history of my bad behaviour.

Mrs Somerville. I confess, my dear, I will not be less hurt myself. After feeling so much satisfaction yourself, I had flattered myself you would not again relapse into these faults.

Lydia. Ah! mamma, it is only an hour since I believed myself far from them.

Mrs Somerville. I hope the shame you must feel on hearing the recital of your folly, will preserve you from it in future. What remains for you to do, is to endeavour to repair your fault, by beginning your lesson. I am still ready to explain it to you.

Lydia followed her mother's advice, and profited by her kind offer. She behaved very well the remainder of the day; but she was not so lively in her amusements as she had been on the preceding days. She repented of her fault, but the fear of the humiliation which next day awaited her, cruelly troubled her mind.



CHAP. IV.

The Generous Confession.

THE breakfast of the following day was not very agreeable to Lydia, as one may easily imagine. However, after having read the history of her fault, Mrs Somerville added, that she had witnessed her shame and repentance of it, and besides she had learned her lesson very well. She then embraced her, saying, that she could answer for her that she would

not again put herself in the way of having occasion to blush.

Lydia began the day's work with the resolution to give no cause for complaint. But she had not that inward contentment, with which her heart overflowed before her relapse. In the course of the three or four following weeks, she was several times on the point of falling into her former defects: but she had strength to forbear: and often, when she was giving herself up to idleness, or to give a sour reply, all of a sudden she would come to herself, and run and throw herself upon her mother's bosom, saying to her, with tears in her eyes, "Embrace me, my dear mamma, for preventing myself from becoming culpable."

One day, however, when she was in the garden with her little brother, he took hold of a nosegay, which she had gathered with the intention of presenting it to her mamma, and ran off with all his haste. Lydia ran after him to recover her nosegay; but the little boy not wishing to give it up to her, she got into a passion, and in a moment, grasping the flowers which he held by the stalk, she tore them all

in pieces. Little William, staggering with the shock, fell roughly to the ground, and uttered loud cries. Lydia loved her brother tenderly. Her anger was immediately forgot, and she ran to lift him up and beg his pardon. With tender caresses, and another flower which she gave him very neatly put together, they were soon made friends again. Nobody was witness to this quarrel, and Lydia herself did not remember it till she was ready to go to bed.

Though Lydia was not absolutely exempt from faults, yet she was full of honourable sentiments, and could not support the thought of deceiving any person. How could she let her mamma say that she had been without reproach all that day, when she knew to the contrary ! This reflection occupied her mind during the night ; and next morning, as soon as she was dressed, she was resolved to go and tell her mamma what had happened. As she passed before a window in the gallery, she saw a lady enter the court, who came to breakfast in the house. This was a great mortification to Lydia. Meanwhile she continued

her way to her mamma's room, to whom she announced the visit of her respectable friend. She would have intrusted her secret to her mamma, but she did not know how to begin it. Her mother, seeing her a little agitated, said, "What have you done, my girl? You apparently think of the account that I have to give of you this morning. But do not be alarmed; I have only one slight fault to reproach you with, and Mrs Erskine will be charmed to learn how much I am satisfied with your conduct." "Oh! mamma," cried Lydia, "I cannot deceive you, nor will I receive the praises which I do not merit." She then related all that passed the day before in the garden.

"I am ashamed," added she, "to give you an account of my passion; but I would have been more so, to have received your praises and caresses, when I thought, if you knew all, you would have treated me in a very different manner." Her mamma clasped her in her arms, in a transport of affection, saying, "May God bless you, my dear child; and may you always preserve that candour and sincerity! Embrace me, my dear Lydia; I

shall mention your fault, but the open confession you have made does you more honour than if you had not been guilty. There is nothing I do not hope from you with such noble sentiments. Come, let us go down."

Some days after this touching scene, Mrs Somerville received a letter, which informed her of the coming of several persons of her acquaintance (whom Lydia had never seen), who intended to pass some days at the Castle. Lydia, the day on which they were to arrive, went to her mamma, who was walking in the garden; and after having composed herself a little, she said she had come to ask a favour of her, which was, not to read her journal at breakfast whilst the strangers remained.

Mrs Somerville. And for what reason, my dear?

Lydia. If I happen to be naughty, I would not like to hear it told before strangers. It would make me ashamed.

Mrs Somerville. That is the reason you ought to be more attentive of your behaviour; it would be a folly to neglect so proper an opportunity of correcting you for your faults.

Lydia. But, mamma, they will publish them to every body.

Mrs Somerville. You have never done evil without being observed by eyes which you cannot deceive.

Lydia. Yes, mamma ; I know that the eyes of God are always upon me.

Mrs Somerville. Ah, well ! Is this witness alone not more awful than all the universe together ?

They were interrupted in their conversation by the arrival of their new guests. The words of Mrs Somerville made a very deep impression upon Lydia's mind, and from that moment she watched over herself with great care. During the fifteen days which the company passed at the castle, she had no occasion to fear the reading of her daily journal, in which there only appeared some trifling faults. However, a little adventure happened which merits a new chapter,



CHAP. V.

The Strawberries and the Prints.

LYDIA was going to pass the afternoon with a friend in the neighbourhood. She went by the garden door, and, as part of the day still remained, it occurred to her to gather a basket of strawberries with her younger sisters. The basket was soon filled, the little joyful band returned in triumph into the parlour. Lydia presented the basket to her mamma, asking her, if she might eat the strawberries to sup-

per with her sisters and brother William? Mrs Sommerville consented to it with pleasure; she even offered to assist her in picking them. When they were ready, and only wanted a little sugar, Lydia rung the bell to ask some; but whilst she stretched out her hand to pull the string, the door opened, and a servant entered, holding a plate full of tarts and preserves, for the children's supper.

"I am sorry," said Mrs Somerville, "that they have made these tarts; but since they are done, you will not, without doubt, wish to leave them to spoil. The strawberries will keep very well for twenty-four hours, and you can eat them to-morrow evening to supper."

This sentence being pronounced in a firm tone, the children saw very well that it was necessary to submit to it without murmuring. There was only Lydia, who, after having entertained the idea of this feast, could not support the vexation of being deprived of it. She retired to a corner of the room pouting. In vain her little brother and sisters called to her to come to sup with them. She replied, she did not wish to eat any thing.

“Why then, my dear,” said her mamma to her, “would you not have eaten some strawberries if you had been helped to them? There are preserves in their place; so I think you have no cause for complaint.”

Though Lydia knew that it would be better to obey her mamma than to persist in her obstinacy, yet she again said, shew as not hungry.

“Since you have lost your appetite so quickly,” replied her mamma, “it is natural to conclude you are sick; and, in this case, I desire you to go immediately to bed. Lydia could have overcome her infatuation, but a false shame prevented her. She went hastily out of the room, without either embracing her mother or sisters, which had never happened before.

Before she went to bed, it was necessary to go to a closet to take a night-cap out of her toilet. Lydia, on entering there, was surprised to see a number of pretty prints, the gilt frames of which emitted rays, in all their lustre, upon the bottom of the blue paper which formed the hangings. She remained some moments in an

ecstasy of silence; her eyes fixed, and her mouth open. Her anger was relaxed at this interval, and her heart was only open to sensations of joy. She went down hastily to the parlour, to learn who had made this improvement. "It was I," returned her mother coldly; "you often desired to have some prints in your closet; and as I was very well satisfied with you for some days past, I was eager to gratify your wishes. I took the opportunity this afternoon, in your absence, to decorate your apartment, with the view of giving you an agreeable surprise when you went to bed.

Hovering between shame and gratitude, Lydia did not know which of these sentiments she should obey. At last she threw her arms around her mamma's neck, and shed upon her bosom a torrent of tears. "Oh! my dear mamma," said she, as soon as her sighs permitted her to express her feelings, "how could I render myself deserving of your anger, at the instant you were employed in finding pleasures for me? I cannot forgive myself. How can I hope that you will pardon me?" "You have not made me angry, Lydia," answered

Mrs Somerville; “ you have only inspired me with pity ; I know how much you will suffer for your fault. Calm yourself, my dear, and be assured, that it would be difficult for you to give me such offence, that I would not be every moment occupied for your happiness.

Lydia. Oh, mamma, how much must you detest me for my bad behaviour !

Mrs Somerville. This is enough, my dear girl. Your tears have exhausted you, and you will be in need of supper.

Lydia was not insensible to this new trait of her mother's goodness, in reminding her so mildly of her duty. She was seated at table near her brother William, and got a tart they had kept for her. She then began to eat without regretting her strawberries ; but her heart was still so full, she could scarcely swallow a bit. The past scene had impressed her mind too deeply to allow her to sleep during the first hours of the night ; she passed them in devising the means of repairing her bad conduct to her mother, and in correcting all her defects. The sight of the prints, that she went so anxiously to examine on her

awaking, renewed in her heart this good resolution. She felt more than ever the necessity of subduing herself, and of employing all her efforts for that purpose. She was successful in her endeavours. After having, by degrees, got the better of some of those bad habits she had contracted, her parents saw her every day acquire new qualities and new accomplishments. The docility she showed for her mother's instructions, and the ardour with which she studied, enabled her to make more rapid progress in learning; whilst her sweet and even temper made her beloved by all who knew her. Every one was anxious to show her friendship, by a thousand little services; and there was not a young lady in the country who enjoyed more happiness.



CHAP. VI.

Beneficence Encouraged.

ABOUT two months after Mrs Somerville had undertaken to write her daughter's journal, Lydia was playing with some of her female companions in the court-yard. Her papa had made her a present of a small fruit-basket of cherries, which he had gathered in the hot-house, and the young ladies were amusing themselves in binding them in the form of nosegays, with some wands, imitating the fruit-women, who do so with the first cherries that come to market.

In the middle of their amusement they saw a little girl pass, neatly enough dressed, who led by the hand her little brother, about three or four years of age. The little girl stopped to look at the new fruit, which had not yet appeared in the country. This curiosity had certainly nothing offensive in it. However, one of the young ladies, who was excessive proud, asked her in an insolent tone, what she wanted, and told her to be gone, and not be so impertinent as to look at them. The little girl wished to go away immediately without making any answer; but her little brother, to whom the sight of the cherries was so tempting, as to make his teeth water, began to weep, crying, "I wish to eat some of them." This only drew an ill-natured answer from the young lady, who called him a little monkey, and began to chase him. The little girl took him in her arms, and carried him off. Lydia, struck with the hard-heartedness of her companion, said, "How can you treat these poor little children so cruelly? Why should they not like cherries as well as we, especially now when they are so rare?" She

ran directly after the children, and put into the hand of the little boy the nosegay of cherries she had made. "Here," said she, "my little friend, when you have done playing with them you may eat them; but you must give some of them to your sister." "Oh yes," he replied, "my sister always gets the one half. See! see! look Louisa."

But it was necessary to return a little acknowledgment. "I thank you," said Louisa, making a low curtsy; "Thank you, ma'am," repeated the little boy, with a joyful smile.

Lydia was very happy as she returned, and could not hinder herself from thinking, that her mamma would have approved of her conduct if she had been present. She was too modest to go and tell what she had done, and although nothing could have given her more pleasure than the praise of her mother, she knew that a great action lost its value when it was done with the view of a reward. However, this action did not remain unknown; for a servant, who was walking in the garden with a child in her arms, had seen all that passed.

She was so delighted with Lydia's behaviour, that she went and gave an account of it to her mistress. Mrs Somerville did not say any thing of it to her daughter all that day. Only imagine what was Lydia's surprise, when next morning at breakfast she heard the whole story in her mamma's presence ! It would be difficult to describe the pleasure she felt in receiving the praises and caresses with which she was loaded. Her mother asked her, if she knew the name of the little girl's parents, and their place of abode. "No, mamma," replied Lydia, "all that I know is, she is called Louisa. Their clothes are neat enough, but I don't think they are rich, and her brother's toes appeared through his shoes. If you will permit me, mamma, I will give her the frock I am going to give up wearing ; I think, also, that the red shoes, which have become too short for William, would answer the little boy extremely well." "Very well," replied her mamma, "I wish to give you the pleasure of making these presents. You can ask them, in my name, from your maid ; and I have a remnant

of coarse calico, out of which I shall cut an apron, and you will make it for the little girl.

Lydia did not forget the permission she had obtained; but ran instantly to look for the frock and shoes, of which she made up a parcel. This was not all;—as soon as her mamma had cut the apron, she began to sew it with as much application as neatness. The proud young lady called upon her while she was at work, and could not prevent herself from showing her astonishment at seeing her working such an inelegant seam. “I am surprised,” said she, “how your mother allows you to exercise your fingers upon this hard stuff. It is a work which would become a servant better than you. Such an occupation for a young lady—to make aprons for little peasants.”

When Miss Dawson retired, Lydia made known to her mamma her friend’s discourse. “I am very sorry,” answered Mrs Somerville, “that she could think of infusing into your mind ideas like her own. Do you think it would be beneath you to render yourself useful to your fellow creatures? Your pretty

fingers, to make use of her expression, have not been given to you in vain; and though Miss Dawson only makes use of her fingers in running over the strings of her harp, I think she might employ them still better in some useful occupation."

Lydia. I like to be always busy, mamma.

Mrs Somerville. That is one of your duties, my dear girl; but above all, never imagine it unbecoming you to work for the poor, and to render them all the services which are in your power. Little girls cannot have much money; their clothes do not belong to them; and the only thing they can dispose of is their time. If they devote some hours for their amusement, in working for their poor neighbours, they promote and fortify in themselves sentiments to their own honour, and perhaps they do the only act of charity which is in their power to perform. You have not an apron to give to the little girl, that is the reason I make you work at this here, that you may have the pleasure of giving a present which properly comes from yourself. I hope, that in the remainder of your life you will look upon

it as one of the greatest pleasures, that of doing friendly offices. Miss Dawson would be, I believe, very much ashamed of what she has said, if she were better instructed in what religion and human nature directs us on this subject.

Lydia. Her mamma does not let her want money, and I think she knows when to give it in alms.

Mrs Somerville. I do not know any thing of a worse tendency; but she has no great merit in giving a little of her money, when she receives it from her mother, to satisfy her little whims. She would show a more charitable disposition, if she wore fewer fine clothes, and devoted less of her time to play; then she would give more relief to the poor. Charity, my dear, consists in shewing love to our neighbours; and we may be assured this love is sincere, if it tend to deprive us of any thing which would be agreeable to us in favour of others, or to take some trouble in obliging them.

Lydia. Well, mamma, instead of going to play this afternoon in the garden, I shall

them. After inquiring how they were, she desired them to wait a little, and running to her room, returned with the apron, shoes, and frock, which she gave them. The children burst into expressions of joy when they received the presents, and more especially the little boy, who did not cease exclaiming, "Oh! my pretty shoes, my pretty shoes!"

Lydia made him sit down upon a form, and his sister put them on. She afterwards tied on the apron upon Louisa; and after having caressed, first the one and then the other, she took leave of them. She had been so much taken up in decorating them, that she had forgot to ask the name of their parents, and where they lived. Some days passed, and Lydia always kept her little favourites in remembrance. One morning, as she was up early, she went to take a walk in the garden before breakfast; she perceived some movement near the door, and ran to the other side to see what it was. She soon recognised Louisa and her brother, who held in their hands a wreath, made of very pretty flowers, tied with ribbon. "What have you there,

my friends," said Lydia to them; "and what do you intend to make of it?" "It is a small present," answered Louisa, "which I beg of you, Miss, to accept of willingly. To-day is the first Sunday of May, and the flower-feast. My mother and I rose at an early hour to make this wreath for you, supposing it would give you some pleasure.

Lydia, transported with joy, thanked Louisa tenderly, and ran to her mamma's room to shew to her the wreath. "It is very pretty," said Mrs Somerville; "the mother of the little girl shews us a great deal of attention and gratitude, and you ought to make some gift to these children, though I very well know this was not their mother's motives for sending the wreath to us;—it is an established custom on this day. Go carry to them this crown of five shillings."

Lydia ran with great agility, but it was too late. Louisa had received orders from her mother not to stop, for fear of having the appearance of wanting a reward. She had been desired not to take any money, in spite of the most urging offers, but to refuse it politely,

and say, "that her mother would be very angry with her if she accepted of it."

In the transport of her joy Lydia had still omitted to inquire the name and abode of her parents; but Mrs Somerville was so much touched with the attention of the little girl's mother, that she made accurate inquiry to discover her. She soon learned her name was Mildmay, a very honest industrious woman, who kept a small school, and sewed muslin.

Lydia, after having shown her wreath to every one in the house, had it hung up in her room, and whenever she had a leisure moment, went to admire and play with it.

Next morning, after getting dressed, Lydia went to look at her wreath; but she saw with regret, that all its beauty had disappeared; the hearts of the tulips were hanging down, the other flowers were withered, and all their colours faded. Lydia carried the wreath sorrowfully to her mamma, to show her how much it was changed. "My dear child," said Mrs Somerville, "have you forgot that all flowers are subject to decay? they draw their nourishment from the earth, and they soon die when they are taken from it."

Lydia. But how can the earth nourish them mamma?

Mrs Somerville. As the substance of the bread you eat supports you, in the same manner the flowers draw their sustenance from the earth; this substance circulates through all parts of the flower, and gives it aliment. Following the different channels through which it passes, it assumes various colours, sometimes only a beautiful green. It is the same with these flowers as with the lily, which does not take any colour, and remains white. The earth is called the mother of plants, and it feeds them as a mother does her child. If the flower be taken from its bosom it decays, as your little brother, whom I nourish, would do, if I left off suckling him.

Lydia. You have told me, mamma, it is God who takes care of me.

Mrs Somerville. Certainly, my dear; and without the help of God, the earth could not promote the growth of its plants, nor the mother her child. But in general God pleases to support children by means of their parents; and as parents are made the instruments of

God's will towards their children, so it ought to be the duty of children to love and respect their parents, following the commandment they have received from God.

Lydia. Truly, mamma, I have much love and respect for you.

Mrs Somerville. You know also, that I love you tenderly. It gives me pleasure to tell you I was very much pleased with you yesterday. When I called you to your lesson, though you were playing with your wreath, you laid it aside, and immediately came to find me. I wish to recompense you for your obedience, and this afternoon, when you have fulfilled all your duties, I mean to take you to Louisa's mother's house to pay her a visit.

This party of pleasure promised much joy to Lydia, and she was only the more attentive in learning her lessons well.

THE
they
out
who
arrived
house.
hall, and
forms by

CHAP. VIII.

The Village School.

THE weather was as good in the afternoon as they could have desired. Mrs Somerville set out with Lydia, accompanied by a servant, who carried in her arms little William. They arrived in about half an hour at Mrs Mildmay's house. They found her in a very neat large hall, around which they saw, seated upon forms built to the wall, about twenty children,

and Louisa and her brother were among the number. The little girl was employed in marking handkerchiefs, and the boy in looking at the characters of his alphabet. All the children rose when Mrs Somerville entered, and as the school hour was nearly at an end, their mistress was going to dismiss them; but on Lydia and her mamma begging Mrs Mildmay not to interrupt them, they were made to sit down again. Mrs Somerville examined the books of one, and the work of another, and asked a number of questions at Mrs Mildmay concerning her family and circumstances, whilst Lydia looked at Louisa with friendship, admiring her carriage and the neatness of her work. As for William, he listened attentively to a parrot, perched upon a desk, which repeated B-ē, Bē. C-ē, Cē. D-ē, Dē, &c. It had learned this by hearing the children read, and I will even confess, there were several amongst them who did not say it so well. Mrs Somerville had brought with her some little present for Mrs Mildmay and her family, which were received with much gratitude. The scholars having soon retired, Mrs Mild-

may asked her guests to walk in to the garden, where she gave them something to eat. The repast was delightful, and Mrs Somerville returned home very much satisfied with her visit, as likewise were Lydia and William.



CHAP. IX.

The little Lamb.

SOME days after this visit, Lydia saw from her window little Louisa, holding under her arms something which appeared very troublesome to carry. When the poor child came to the front door of the house, she stopped, and looked through the key-hole, not daring to take the liberty of pulling the bell. Lydia had already gone down to inquire. What was her

surprise, to see in the arms of Louisa a little lamb only fifteen days old ! It had been given to her by a farmer whose children attended her mother's school. Louisa had put a garland of wild flowers round its neck, and had come to present it to Lydia. By Louisa's entreaties, Lydia accepted of it, and in the midst of her joy, she remembered very seasonably, that her mother intended to give something to Louisa for her wreath of flowers, so she begged the little girl to wait till she showed the lamb to her mamma. Lydia soon returned with a crown, which she wished to put into Louisa's hand ; but she would not consent to take it, saying, " that the lamb had cost her no more than the flower garland, and her mother had absolutely forbid her to receive any thing."

" At least," replied Lydia, " you will not refuse to breakfast with me." She immediately took her by the hand, gave her a seat, and ran, with her mother's leave, to get a cake out of the press, and to gather some strawberries and cherries in the garden. They eat them together, with a very good appetite, and saw,

with regret, the time arrive when they were to separate. Lydia then gave Louisa a few fruits and dainties for her brother; and Louisa, after kissing the lamb tenderly, took leave of Lydia, recommending the little animal to her care, desiring her to give it, two or three times a-day, some warm milk; and to take it at night into her room.

One will hardly believe, that Lydia appointed, from this day, part of her play hours to the attention her foundling required. It was, indeed, of a charming turn; and its tender bleatings would have produced a lively regard in a heart less sensible than that of Lydia. The pleasure which this innocent creature gave her, naturally led her to think of the good Louisa, and to converse with her mamma of her esteem for her. She observed, "that though Louisa was poor, and was not taken into genteel company, yet she always conducted herself in a proper manner, and spoke with a great deal of gentleness and politeness."

"My dear child," replied Mrs Somerville, "when one has a modest opinion of herself, and is watchful over her words and actions, it

seldom happens that she says or does any thing of which she has cause to be ashamed. The fear of offending renders us polite and prudent; and if we accustom ourselves to speak always in an obliging manner, we will not be at a loss to find expressions. It is rashness and vanity which spoil our actions and manners; these defects are insufferable in a child, either of high or low birth. Children can only make themselves agreeable by their obedience and gentleness, and a respectable behaviour towards every body. As they have not acquired knowledge yet, and cannot say or do any thing worthy of attention, they ought to regard their elders as superiors, of whatever descent they may be, and consider themselves obliged to every person who condescends to please, or take care of them. The people in our house, such as the servants, shew you their benevolence; and they will not lose their respect for you, so long as you continue to behave well towards them. But when children try to argue with grown people; to speak insolently to them, or pretend to know better than they do; they make themselves

as ridiculous as offensive. What is so pleasing in Louisa is, that she seems, when with you, so happy, does all she can to please you, and shows her gratitude: by using these means, you will secure the esteem of all around you, if they find in you the same dispositions.

DURING
who lives
dertake
her dau
begged
care till
Henrie
though M



CHAP. X.

The Work Bags.

DURING the summer season, an aunt of Lydia's, who lived near the house, was obliged to undertake a long journey ; as she could not take her daughter, Henrietta, along with her, she begged Mrs Somerville to take her under her care till her return.

Henrietta was nearly the age of Lydia ; and though Mrs Somerville's older daughters were

very complaisant, and took great care of her, Lydia was her favourite companion, and she was extremely happy in her company.

One day, a lady, in great friendship with the family, came to pay them a visit, and made a present to each of the two little misses of a satin work bag, embellished with gold embroidery. There was in each bag, a housewife, with needles and silk—a silver thimble—a pair of steel scissors—and, more than these, a fine band of muslin, upon which was basted a very pretty drawing to make a tucker by.

Henrietta, though of an excellent disposition, was very inconsiderate, and still more negligent. She had the habit of leaving her books, her play-things, and her dolls, in all the corners of the house; so that she often had the mortification of losing some of them, or finding them in bad condition. The lady who gave her this present, having learned that she had so bad a fault, particularly recommended her to take great care of her work-bag; and she required of both of them, that each should carry along with her the bag, when they went to see her.

For some days Henrietta seldom forgot to put all her little affairs in their places, and to take care of them. One morning, she was going with Lydia to work in the shade of an arbour in the garden. Lydia, when she finished her work, put it into her bag, and hung it over her arm: Henrietta, at the same time, finished hers; but, in going out of the arbour, she wished to go to gather some flowers to make a nosegay. As the bag incommoded her in her operations, she placed it upon a neighbouring turf. Whilst she arranged the flowers, she saw Lydia's little lamb skip across the pales of a palisade, and bleating to attract her attention. She ran to it, caressed it, gave it what flowers were in her hand to eat, and did not cease playing with it till, all of a sudden, she thought she would not have time to dress for dinner.

The bag remained upon the turf. Henrietta did not recollect it till the evening, when she was going to work at her embroidery. She immediately ran to look for it,—and found it, but in a most deplorable condition. It was all in rags, covered with sand and clay; the hus-

wife and muslin were torn—the scissors, needles, and thimble, were scattered. Those who have received a present from as dear a friend, can only form an idea of the sorrow this little girl felt at the sight of this disaster. She remained, at first, struck with astonishment; afterwards she began to examine all the pieces separately, but when she saw them entirely destroyed, she could hardly restrain her tears, and uttered sorrowful lamentations. The gardener, who heard her cries, came from the other side of the garden, to learn what had happened. She related her misfortune to him, and asked who could do such a base action. The gardener answered, that it was a great pity; but he had no doubt it was the little dog, because he had seen him rambling about the garden. Henrietta saw no other alternative than that of picking up the pieces; and she carried them, sadly, into the house. Even those who blamed her negligence, could not prevent themselves from showing her some compassion. She especially found consolation in the friendship of the feeling-hearted Lydia,

who partook of her afflictions, and even weep-
ed along with her.

Next day, as they were conversing together of this accident, Henrietta said, "her greatest grief was, to think that Mrs Fielding, who had made her the present, would not remain ignorant of her carelessness; and that she could not support the idea of seeing her angry with her." "But," added she, "the chamber-maid told me, that she had a piece of satin exactly the same colour as my bag—that her cousin, who was a shop-keeper, would embroider it like the other;—that she would also make a huswife precisely the same, and then I would only have to procure a bit of muslin, and to copy the pattern upon it from the piece which remains,—in this case, Mrs Fielding would not know any thing of the misfortune. As for your mamma, she is out; and I will charge every person, not to mention a word of this adventure." "You know the friendship I have for you," replied Lydia, "and how sorry I would be to see you in disgrace. But I cannot approve of the plan you propose to me; and I am sure you do not approve of it

yourself in the bottom of your heart. If you cannot, at present, entertain the idea of seeing Mrs Fielding, I think you will be more afraid to see her, when, at the same time, you know you are deceiving her. How cruel it would be, to receive praises for the care you had taken of your bag, while, at the same time, you felt your conscience reproaching you for what you had done. Though nobody would discover the mystery, you would be unhappy; and, if she were to find it out, what would you do?"

"Ah! you are much better than I, my cousin," exclaimed Henrietta, throwing her arms around her; "now you have made me consider the subject, I feel that mamma would be very angry with me for the expedient I meant to follow. The most proper way is, to confess every thing to Mrs Fielding: but how much I will be ashamed."

SOME
ville
the co
ing pe
ma's ac
"Mam
better,
with me



CHAP. XI.

The Visit.

SOME days after this adventure, all Mrs Somerville's family received an invitation to dine in the country with Mrs Fielding. Lydia, being permitted to go, wished to take her mamma's advice how she should conduct herself. "Mamma," said she, "it would be much better, I believe, not to carry my bag along with me,—it would give too much vexation

to poor Henrietta,—it would appear as I wished it to be seen that I had been more careful than her. However, I do not wish to appear uncivil in the eyes of Mrs Fielding, who charged me to have my bag with me when I went to see her.”

Lydia received the most tender caresses from her mamma, for her delicacy and generosity. “Mrs Fielding,” said she, “who already knows your poor cousin’s conduct, will easily guess the reason for which you leave your bag behind, and she will know of it in spite of you. As for poor Henrietta, I do not doubt that she loves you tenderly, in seeing the sacrifice you make for fear of seeing her humiliated.”

The carriage now drew up; and Mrs Somerville went into it, with Henrietta, Lydia, and her eldest daughter.

Henrietta’s conduct served this day to show, how a simple neglect can entirely destroy happiness. She had long waited with impatience for the day on which she was to be invited to Mrs Fielding’s house; but her unfortunate carelessness had changed her desires so much, that she then dreaded the visit, and would

very willingly have remained at home. On the way she was very grave, although Lydia did all that was possible to divert her attention, by showing her the flowers which bloomed upon the bushes—the birds perching upon the boughs—and the elegant carriages rolling along the road.

Mrs Fielding was charmed to see her guests arrive, but more especially the two young ladies. She examined, with a glance of her eye, if they had brought their bags, but without mentioning them.

Henrietta and Lydia having taken their seats after the compliments at meeting, they perceived, upon a table at one side of the parlour, two small cradles, in which were two handsome dolls. They well suspected these presents were intended for them; and this thought augmented Henrietta's grief and confusion. To receive another present, when she had taken so little care of the first, was what wounded her delicacy. Some time afterwards, Mrs Fielding asked Lydia if she had embroidered the tucker all round.

“Yes, ma'am,” replied Lydia.

“Why then,” said Mrs Fielding, “have you not brought it, to let me see how it is done? I am certain it is well wrought, and it would have given me great pleasure to admire it. Is yours finished too, Henrietta?”

Poor Henrietta could no longer contain her tears. Her aunt had the goodness to explain to Mrs Fielding the cause of her weeping; and told her how much she regretted her heedlessness. She also told her of Lydia’s delicacy, in not wishing to show her bag, which was in very good condition at the castle.

“Such a charming child,” exclaimed Mrs Fielding, “I think she will be an excellent governess.” She immediately made the cradles be brought to her;—one of them had muslin curtains, trimmed with ribbons and red fringes; there was within it, a doll in a boy’s dress, an apple-green ribbon on its hat, and a girdle of the same colour. The other had muslin curtains, trimmed with lilac ribbons and fringes; in it was a doll in a girl’s dress, with a lilac satin frock, a blue ribbon round its head, and a white girdle round its waist. After having given the two young ladies time to view them

attentively, Mrs Fielding, addressing herself to Lydia, said, "Your good behaviour, I believe, gives you the privilege of choosing first: take the one which pleases you most. Henrietta will like to have the other, and I flatter myself, she will not leave it to be tossed by the dog again." Lydia asked permission to yield the honour of making the first choice to her cousin, and pressed her to decide her taste; but Henrietta positively refused. This generous combat having lasted some minutes, Mrs Somerville told Lydia to choose first, since Henrietta would not determine.

Lydia anxiously wished Henrietta to be satisfied with her share; and, as the boy's cradle was the one she would have preferred, Lydia thought it would also be more adapted to her cousin's taste, therefore she took the other. Henrietta received it most joyfully, and faithfully promised to secure it carefully from any kind of accident.

Every body was surprised at the choice Lydia had made, and her eldest sister questioning her about it, Lydia made no answer; but Mrs Fielding, who suspected her motives,

asked Henrietta, which of the two cradles she really thought the prettiest. Henrietta said, "the one she had got; but she knew very well that Lydia had only left it to please her; and she had only accepted of it to persuade Lydia to take it."

"You are both amiable children," said Mrs Fielding, "and I shall leave you to terminate this generous contest between you." Lydia, after all her resistance, was obliged to consent to the exchange Henrietta had proposed. They amused themselves with their dolls till the moment of their departure; and Lydia had the satisfaction to see, in returning home, that her friend was infinitely more cheerful and happy than she had been in the morning.

One day
with her
saw a lit
ing most
reached
Henrietta
cause of h



CHAP. XII.

The Basket overturned.

ONE day as Lydia was walking in the country with her mamma, her sisters, and cousin, she saw a little girl sitting under a tree, and weeping most bitterly. The sound of grief never reached Lydia's ear in vain. She ran with Henrietta towards the little girl, and asked the cause of her tears.

Little Girl. Oh! my dear lady, what will become of me? My eggs are nearly all broken, and what shall I say to my mother? She will be in such a passion! I will never dare to return home.

Lydia. Do not afflict yourself any more, my good girl; I assure you your mother will not be angry; at least my good mamma would not be angry if she were in her place.

Little Girl, (sighing.) Your mamma! so much the better for you; but as for my mother, she would beat me. I should have got thirty-pence for my eggs, to purchase bread.

Lydia. You have not broke your eggs purposely, without doubt? How did it happen?

Little Girl. My mother put three dozens in this basket, which she intermixed with straw, and told me to go to the city and sell them, and desired me not to stop by the way. I walked without stopping till I came to this field, when I beheld in the hedge some mulberries, so enticing, that I wished to eat some of them: I do not wrong any person in gathering them. I placed my basket upon the ground, and was pulling the berries, when a

large dog came, and, putting his snout into the basket, he overturned it, and has broken almost all my eggs. Now I neither have the half crown for which I should have sold them, nor the bread I might have bought with the money. My mother waits for it, to give my little brothers to eat, and I do not know what she will do to me when she sees me return without any.

During this conversation Mrs Somerville and her eldest daughter had time to draw nigh, and to hear the account of the little girl. "My poor child," said Mrs Somerville, "I am sorry to hear of the misfortune which has happened to you; but you now see what it is not to follow exactly your parents' orders. Children sometimes believe themselves as wise as them, but they are always deceived; and it often happens that they repent of it. Your mother had desired you to go to town without stopping, because she knew if you amused yourself in playing, or thinking of any other thing than your eggs, you would run a thousand risks of breaking them. If you had obeyed her orders, from all appearances, this

would not have happened. Your mother will have just cause to reproach you when she knows how this accident happened."

Little Girl. Yes ma'am, you are right; she has great reason to be angry; she would sooner have forgiven me had my eggs been broken in any other manner. A little boy, who was going by, advised me to say, that in passing under a rail I struck my head against it, and the basket fell from my hands; but I have never told a falsehood, and I do not wish to begin to lie.

Mrs Somerville. I see that your mother is an excellent woman, since she has given you so many good instructions.

Little Girl. Oh! yes, ma'am she has always forbid me to tell a lie on any subject; and if she came to know that I had deceived her, she would beat me ten times worse.

Mrs Somerville. Be well assured of this, that you would be unhappy all your life were you accustoming yourself to lie. You have already committed a fault, and you see how much trouble it has given you; but it would have been still worse had you deviated from

the truth. Though your mother would not discover the deceit, she must have taught you, without doubt, that God sees and knows all your actions, and if you try to draw yourself from an embarrassment by deceit, you immediately lose his favour and blessing. Since you are so good a girl, I promise you that your mother will not be so angry as you imagine. Carry to my house the eggs which remain whole, and here is the half crown you should have had for the basket full; you will be able to purchase bread, and your mother will not lose any thing. I wish you to bring some more eggs, when you have any to sell; I shall be glad to see you.

The poor girl received the money in transports of joy and gratitude. When she was gone, Mrs Somerville observed to her daughter, that people sometimes find a compensation in the exercise of their duty. "If the little girl," said she, "had followed the advice of the little boy, and been determined to tell a lie to her mother, she probably would have gone home immediately, and then she must have been away before we came here;

in this case we would not have been able to relieve her. I hope that her mother's severity will be softened at the sight of the bread she is going to carry to her; and when she has given an account of her conduct, she will receive praises in place of reproaches and blows, which she would have got if her falsehood had been discovered, as it must infallibly have been.

LYDIA,
thers and
her bro
destined
to form
liging to
tachment
walking i



CHAP. XIII.

The Birth Day.

LYDIA, as I have already mentioned, had brothers and sisters older than herself. One of her brothers, called Vincent, seemed to be destined, by his excellent disposition of mind, to form the happiness of all the family. Obliging to every body, he had a particular attachment for Lydia. One day, as he was walking in a little corner of the garden which

Lydia had obtained from her parents to cultivate, he saw in it a great quantity of strawberries, and asked his sister if he might have some of them to eat. "No, pray don't pull any of them to-day," replied Lydia, "I am keeping them to treat you all to-morrow; it is my birth-day." "Is it true!" said Vincent, ah well! "Mamma," continued he, turning towards her, "I wish to go to angle to-day, to see if I can take a dish of fish for dinner. I shall set out presently; but do not be afraid, mamma, if I do not return to dinner, as I shall take some provisions in my pocket: Will you permit me to do it?" "Yes, my son," replied Mrs Somerville; "since you wish to furnish your dish, I shall have mine also, for I am going to order a cake."

Vincent went to get his line and fish-hook, and then departed. They did not wait upon him to dinner. As it was late in the evening, and he had not returned, his mother began to be uneasy. She had just gone to send a servant in search of him when he arrived, his line in his hand, but without a single fish in his basket.

“ I am very sorry, my dear sister,” said he, “ that I have not one fish to offer to you, but when I tell you what has happened, I hope you will not expect any. I caught none during the forenoon; but towards evening the fish began to bite at the bait. I had taken two fine trouts, and was returning quite contented with my success, when, after having walked about three hundred steps, I heard a noise on the other side of the hedge, and distinguished a voice which uttered, ‘ my brothers and sisters must be put to bed without supper. Poor creatures, I only gave them a piece of bread in the morning; I am afraid they will die of hunger.’ The hedge was so thick I could not see who spoke till I came to a field gate, and recognised the poor little boy who comes sometimes to our kitchen door with fish. His mother was by his side;—her countenance was full of sadness. I asked the cause of her distress. She told me that she went from her house in the morning with her son, to purchase some fish and sell them again; that she had collected, by her industry, in a few days, a crown, and she intended to lay it out in

commerce, in order to live upon the profit. She could not get any fish to purchase, and she was returning to her cottage; but as there was a hole in her pocket, she had given her money, which was all in change, to her son to carry. She had the imprudence to ask her son on the way, if he had his silver close. At these words a man leapt over the hedge, seized the little boy by the neck, and said to him, 'let us see that money, I shall take care of it for you.' Immediately he searched his pockets, and deprived him of all he had. "Alas!" added the poor woman, "I have nothing to give my children! It is not myself I pity, it is them. 'What shall become of them?'"

"She wept so bitterly," added Vincent, "that I was ready to weep with her. I had not any money to give to her; I had only my fish. I asked her the value of them. "Oh! my dear sir," said she, after having looked at them, 'they would sell very well at forty pence a piece.'"

"And do you think," said I, "you could find purchasers this evening if you had them?"

"Oh! yes," answered the poor woman, "I know very well where we could dispose of them, but I do not wish to deprive you of your fishes."

Vincent. When I saw it was in my power to assist her, I pressed her so much that she at last accepted of the two trouts, and instantly set out with them to the city.

"Poor woman!" exclaimed Mrs Somerville, "she has reason to be pleased with your conduct, and I still more so, my dear boy. But you had some money this morning: pray what have you done with it?"

Vincent. I beg of you not to ask me at present, mamma; it is a secret.

Mrs Somerville. So much the better; I am certain you have not made a bad use of it. I would be ashamed of myself, if an idle curiosity made me wish to know what you believed your duty to conceal from me. I know nothing so troublesome as that eagerness to know what others do, which becomes so pressing, that it makes one try with more care to keep it secret.

Vincent. No, mamma, I keep nothing se-

cret from you; only, I desire that nobody may know of it till——

Mrs Somerville interrupted him.

Lydia. I have a secret also, mamma. No one knows of it but Julia. Do not, at least, tell my sister of it.

Mrs Somerville. No; she shall not be told, I assure you; and if she should come to me and ask intelligence concerning it, I would not listen to her. I have often told you that I respected the secrets of others, as it is the duty of all well-informed people. I would be very sorry if any person belonging to me was not capable of keeping a secret with which they had been intrusted. But I observe that our walk has fatigued you, and it is time to go and rest ourselves in the parlour.

Next morning Vincent rose very early; and having taken his violin, went to Lydia's door to play his prettiest airs, to compliment her on her birth-day. Lydia immediately rose, and then went to kiss her mamma in bed. When she got to the end of the lobby, the first object which presented itself was her little lamb, with a fine red ribbon round its neck,

and some bells, which it shook with an astonished air. She gratefully inquired of her mamma and sisters, who it was had decked it in so splendid a manner, but could receive no information. After questioning every person in the house, without success, she began to consider a little: "Oh!" mamma, she exclaimed, "I have now guessed; it must have been Vincent. You know he told us yesterday he had a secret. It has been him, I am am sure of it. Oh! my good brother, how much I love him!" "Indeed every body ought to love him," said Mrs Somerville, "he is so attentive, and so obliging!" "I should like to make him some return," replied Lydia, "if I could think of any thing that would give him pleasure." "This wish is very amiable on your part," said Mrs Somerville, "but be patient; your brother is already rewarded by the pleasure he has had in giving you this agreeable surprise. Believe me, generous sentiments are the best recompence. If self-interested people would, for one month only, perform some beneficent and noble actions, they would find an inexpressible charm in the

discharging of them ; and in thus interesting themselves, they would not only procure the happiness of others, but add to their own."

Lydia. I have already felt it, mamma. I rejoice to see my little lamb frisking with joy, when I feed and caress him. I believe the greatest happiness would be, to make every thing that breathes happy.

Mrs Somerville. Embrace me, my dear Lydia ; ever preserve these dispositions and sentiments ; though you should not always find them in others, that cannot prevent you from improving them. Instead of making an excuse for bad examples, think how much evil it would occasion to you, and how unworthy you would be, if you resembled one of a mean, haughty disposition. What honour, on the contrary, would it reflect upon you, if these naughty children, in seeing your docility, disinterestedness, and humanity, would renounce their vices, and take an example by your virtues !

Lydia. Rise, mamma, I pray you ; let us go and look for my brother.

Mrs Somerville. Yes, my dear ; let us hasten

to embrace him. I am well assured, that his money, or all the pleasures it could have procured him, would have been given to you with the same good will : the more you advance in years, the more sensible you will be to those innocent and delightful enjoyments.



CHAP. XIV.

The Secret Unveiled.

ON the same day, whilst Lydia was busily employed with her mamma, a servant came and told them that there was a little boy and girl at the door, who desired to speak with Lydia. Lydia blushed, and her mother having inquired who the children were, she replied with liveliness,—“It is likely Louisa and her brother. Will you permit me to go and see

them? I wish to go alone, but I shall introduce Louisa to you before she return home."

Mrs Somerville's consent was not difficult to obtain; and Lydia having run to her room to get a small band-box, with which she went down stairs, and crossed the court.

On arriving at the gate of the house, she saw Louisa holding a little rush basket, with knots of ribbon at the corners, and green leaves above it.

Louisa, hastening to present her basket to Lydia, said, that having learned from the servant who came in the morning to tell her to pass this way, that it was her birth-day, she had immediately got her basket finished, which she now begged her to accept of.

"It is truly very handsome," said Lydia, "and I accept of it with pleasure." She immediately removed the leaves which covered it, and saw it was full of small cakes; above which Louisa had put some branches of the golden-pippin apple-tree, with their fruit.

Lydia. And where did you get these, Louisa? It is too much for me, I don't wish to take it.

Louisa. Ah! Miss, you will make me very

sorry if you refuse it. It was my mother who made the cakes, and I gathered the apples and made the basket.

Lydia. Was it you who made this pretty basket, Louisa? I should like very much if you would teach me to make one.

Louisa. I will do it with pleasure, if your mamma permit me; but I beg of you to accept of this first, which will serve as a pattern.

Lydia. I see I cannot possibly refuse it; but, do you know, Louisa, why I sent for you to come here to-day?

On saying this, Lydia opened her box and took out a straw hat, neatly bound with a broad green ribbon, having rosettes before and behind, and strings of the same to tie under her chin. She made Louisa take off the one she had on, and put on the other in its place. Louisa was enchanted with her new attire, and Lydia had not received less pleasure in adorning it for her.

She afterwards took out of the box a pretty frock of printed calico, with which she dressed the boy, with more pleasure than ever she had

in the dressing of her doll, though it was not nearly so easy, for he was continually turning on all sides to look at the printed flowers upon his frock.

When this task was over, Lydia took the children by the hand, and led them to her mother's room.

"Mamma," cried she, on entering, "I told you I had a secret—here it is. What do you think of my little friends?"

Mrs Somerville. Very neat, indeed. But who has given them all these? Undoubtedly it was not you; you had not enough of money.

Lydia. It is true, mamma, my purse would not have been sufficient without great economy; however, I have accomplished it at last. Do you not recollect, that the other day I did not wish to buy a basket like my sister? And see now what Louisa has brought to me, it is as pretty as theirs. I purchased the bonnet and ribbon with the fruits of my economy.

Mrs Somerville. And the frock—how did you procure it? Let me see, it seems to me that I know something of the stuff.

Lydia. Probably you may. It is a shred of

calico my aunt gave me, to make a dressing-gown for my large doll. My sister told me it would be large enough to make a frock for a little boy, and as she was so kind as shape it for me, I undertook to sew it.

Mrs Somerville. How have you done it? I do not think it was easy work for you. I saw you always joyful; was that the reason? Ah! well, my dear, this is a proof of what I told you in the morning—of the pleasures arising from the performance of good actions. I am sure you never had so much joy with a hat for yourself, or a gown for your doll.

Lydia. Yes, mamma, it is true. Louisa and her brother are so pleased! Who would not rejoice to make others happy?

Mrs Somerville. This is not all; they must also go and carry this news to their mother: I already see them impatient to show her their presents, so you must now allow them to depart.

Lydia, who was taught to obey at the least sign of her mother's wishes, then renewed her thanks to Louisa, for the handsome basket she had received, but begged her, with the per-

mission of her mother, to return soon, to teach her to plait the rashes, and to make large and small baskets; and then told her she might go to her mother again.

Louisa made a dozen courtesies, and the little boy drew his foot as often behind him, kissing his hand, before they retired.

Lydia had now time to show her mamma the basket and cakes; she laid one aside to serve for their luncheon.

All the children in the neighbourhood were invited to this feast, and Lydia did the honours of the table very gracefully. Mrs Somerville had, on her part, neglected nothing, that her daughter might treat her little friends abundantly. Though the cake she had kept made an excellent collation, yet, it must be confessed, Louisa's basket produced much greater pleasure; for it was this which procured most delight to Lydia, by recalling to her recollection a benevolent action.

In the middle of this joyful repast, a servant entered, carrying a box addressed to Lydia. She hastened to open it, and found a complete tea equipage of china for her doll,

with a card, mentioning that it was the united present of her brothers and sisters.

This was a new scene of joy to her sensible and grateful heart,—tears came into her eyes, but they were the tears of tenderness; and the remainder of the evening was spent in a thousand little amusing plays, where she showed every possible attention, and every one returned her thanks for the pleasure she had afforded them.



CHAP. XV.

Generosity and Gratitude.

SOME days after, Lydia, on returning from a walk with the servant, went into her mamma's apartment shedding tears, and told her that she had just left Louisa's mother in great despair.

Mrs Somerville. What has happened to her, my dear girl?

Lydia. Oh, mamma! she owes four pounds to Mr Fenton for the rent of her house; and, because she has not got money enough to pay

him to-day, he is going to sell all she has got, and turn her out of doors. The poor woman and her children utter such pitiful cries, that I am quite distressed for them.

She says she will be obliged to throw herself and children on the charity of the parish—and that she would die at such a humiliation.

Louisa was very much concerned at seeing her mother weeping,—and the little boy was begging the bailiffs to leave him his rabbit. Oh, my dear mamma! if I could relieve Mrs Mildmay. Be so kind as speak to Mr Fenton; I am persuaded he will not treat her so rigorously.

Mrs Somerville. My dear girl, I know Mr Fenton better than you; it will be impossible to stop him in any affair where he pursues after his money. With regard to the four pounds, which debt Mrs Mildmay ought to have discharged, it is a sum I cannot, at this moment, give away. Besides, you know I must have other unfortunate people to relieve who stand as much in need of it.

Lydia. Oh! if you had seen their grief!—

What will be done? Can neither of us do any thing for the mother of poor Louisa?

Mrs Somerville. I regret it very much, I assure you. But why do you look up to me with so pensive an air? Have you got any money?

Lydia. No, mamma, I have none: but you know you were going to give me a pair of corsets, and a petticoat of red lustring to put under my muslin frock. How much would they have cost?

Mrs Somerville. About two pounds.

Lydia. Alas! that is only the one-half.

Mrs Somerville. What do you mean, my dear? Would you wish to give up these clothes that seem to give you so much pleasure?

Lydia. Ah! mamma, I would do much more to relieve that family from distress.

Mrs Somerville. Come, and let me embrace you, my dear Lydia; I wish to profit from the noble example you have given me. I intended to purchase a carpet for my dressing-room; but I shall be contented without it for another year. By means of the little

sacrifice each of us will make, we shall be able to relieve the honest Mrs Mildmay.

Lydia. Ah, mamma! let us go and make her happy; give me the money, that I may carry it to her immediately, as I do not feel at all fatigued with my walk.

Mrs Somerville. I wish to go along with you; so, bring your hat and gloves.

Lydia run as quick as lightning, and soon returned equipt for the journey. As they walked forward, their steps seemed quickened by impatience.

The first objects they perceived, on arriving at the house of Mrs Mildmay, were her little scholars, who had been set out of the school, assembled before the door, in several various circles, shedding tears, and uttering cries.

All the moveables in the house had already been dragged from their places, and a man with a very cross countenance, was throwing the mattress and straw-bed out of the window. The little boy, who was resting against the wall, had his eyes stedfastly fixed, and sobbing out, "Where are my mother and I to sleep? I am sure Mr Fenton has many

fine beds, so what can he be going to do with these?"

Lydia having asked him where his mother was, he made a sign to her that she was in the garden. As she crossed the garden with her mamma, they saw another man who was going to break down a pole to carry it away. Mrs Somerville begged of him to desist for a moment, and continued her walk. At the foot of the garden they perceived Louisa and her mother under an arbour that they had taken much trouble to ornament with roses and honeysuckle. They wept bitterly, thinking they were seated in it for the last time of their lives. Their parrot was perched upon a neighbouring tree, and seemed to redouble their grief, by repeating, without intermission, "Come, come, let us go, my friend, with joy."

At that instant they saw a young girl come into the garden, who passed suddenly by them, and ran precipitately towards Mrs Mildmay. She was getting up to meet her, but the girl threw her arms around her, saying, in a most affectionate tone of voice, "thanks be to God, my dear cousin, that I have yet

arrived in time ! As soon as I learned your misfortune I quitted my service to come to your assistance. Here is money to pay your debt, and to send these unworthy men out of your house."

The poor woman looked with astonishment and silent admiration ; and after shedding tears, she answered her friend with a thousand sighs ; " No, my dear cousin, may God prevent me from receiving your offer. I can support my grief, but I could never bear the idea of having taken from you all that you possess. Why give up a situation in which you gained your livelihood ? And why can this money not serve as a pledge without you ? I see it, you have sold your clothes. Oh Heavens ! is it not enough to be unhappy for myself, but I must be the cause of misfortune to you ?"

During this conversation between the two generous cousins, Mrs Somerville had time to come up to them. In the midst of her agitation Mrs Mildmay did not forget to pay her respects. The young girl was interrupted in answering her, but she immediately replied,

“ come, come, my cousin, do not embarrass yourself with regard to me ; I am young, and can work for my bread. After all that you have done for me, I would be the most unworthy creature in the world if I did not come to your immediate relief. Without you I had not been alive, or if I had, it would have been in a charity work-house. When I had an intermitting fever last year, it was you who watched over me,—it was you who received me into your bed,—it was you who paid money for my medicines, to prevent me from selling my clothes ; so these clothes do not belong to me still ! No, no, they are not mine,—it is to you they belong. The money you spent during my sickness would have paid your rent for two years, and you will break my heart if you refuse it. But why should I lose time in vain dispute, when I can settle the affair myself ?” On saying these words, she was running off to the bailiff, when Mrs Somerville held her by the arm, saying, “ I did not wish to interrupt that generous debate, and I have waited to see what the result of it would be. Do not trouble yourself,

my dear girl, for your cousin's debt; my daughter and I came to relieve her of it; and Lydia has got it in charge. Deign, I beg of you, to receive from her hands the four pounds; they had another destination, I confess, but it assuredly would not have given the one half of the pleasure we feel in obliging you."

As for you, generous girl, though your conduct be above all human praises, I should like to have it in my power to show you how much I am satisfied." It was impossible for Mrs Somerville to continue longer, being so affected with the sentiments of gratitude which these excellent people shewed. To put an end to the scene, she led them towards the house to prevent the bailiffs from carrying away the moveables.

When the debt was paid, and the bailiffs dismissed, Mrs Mildmay was in a state of conversing more tranquilly with her benefactress. In the midst of her transport of joy, she tenderly expressed her grief, at seeing her cousin exposed to the danger of losing her place.

The young girl answered, she had not felt a moment of repose from the time she had learned by one of her friends who came to see her, that the proprietor of Mrs Mildmay's house was unmerciful towards her, and had threatened every day to make her sell her furniture for the rent. She had immediately gone to her mistress, told her that one of her relations in the country had great need of her assistance, and at the same time asked her leave.

"Your leave!" exclaimed Mrs Mildmay, much affected. "It was necessary, my dear cousin," replied the young girl, "because my services were so numerous that in being absent for two days only, I might be certain on my return to find another in my place. Besides, how could I appear after having disposed of all my clothes?"

"You must go immediately and redeem them," said Mrs Somerville to her. "I will take upon me to pay all that is necessary for your journey; and for the situation, do not trouble yourself about it, as my child's-maid is soon going to be married, and to leave my

house; so I engage you beforehand to succeed her. I will be delighted to see my children under the care of a person who possesses such generous sentiments."

Mrs Mildmay and the young girl had no command over themselves in retaining the transports of their joy; they both threw themselves at Mrs Somerville's feet, who only wished to receive them in her arms. Lydia, who had conceived the most tender esteem for the young girl, was ravished to hear she would soon be so near her, almost overwhelmed her with caresses.

This scene was too lively to last long. Mrs Somerville judged it proper to retire.

The young girl in a few days was able to fulfil her new station near Lydia and her sister; and Mrs Somerville often returned thanks to God for having inspired her to chuse so precious a person for the education of her children.

P. S. From the day Mrs Somerville undertook to write a daily journal of her daughter's conduct, Lydia was so much afraid her history would not read to her advantage, that

she never went to bed without recalling to her mind how she had spent the day, and if she had cause to be satisfied or discontented with herself. When her conscience reproached her with a fault, the shame and sorrow she felt naturally led her to reflect how she might have avoided it. Whenever she awoke in the morning, the journal was the first idea which struck her mind. She thought of all the good she could do in the day, and if she happened, when not watchful of herself, to displease her parents, she would consider attentively how she ought to conduct herself, that she might never afterwards be guilty of the same imprudence.

As soon as Mrs Somerville saw her daughter entirely corrected of the defects of which she wished to make her ashamed, she gave up writing the daily journal. But Lydia was so sensible of the advantages of this method, that she resolved to continue it herself with the same impartiality as her mamma. Nothing strengthened her so much in this course as the desire she had of improving herself. The assiduous examination of her behaviour discovered

to her several small errors, to which she would not otherwise have paid attention. In labouring immediately to correct herself of these, she prevented them from degenerating into vicious habits, which perhaps might have been impossible to root out.

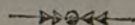
I shall now conclude the history of Little Lydia Somerville, with an earnest recommendation of this example to all young people who are desirous of being distinguished by their virtues; and if what I have written prove useful, in rendering even one individual happy in her own estimation, and in the joy of her parents, I will look upon this pleasure as the sweetest recompence of my labours.

FINIS.

BOOKS

Printed and Published by

OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH.



SCHOOL BOOKS,

By G. FULTON AND G. KNIGHT, EDINBURGH.

- I. A PRIMER, or FIRST LESSONS; price 3d.
- II. A PRONOUNCING SPELLING-BOOK, with
Reading Lessons in Prose and Verse; 12mo, 1s. 6d. bound.
- III. THE ORTHOEPEY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE SIMPLIFIED; unfolding that method of Teaching it, which has been so successfully practised in their School; foolscap 8vo. 1s. 6d. boards.

SCHOOL BOOKS,

By THOMAS EWING, EDINBURGH.

- I. THE ENGLISH LEARNER; or, a Selection of Lessons in Prose and Verse, adapted to the capacity of the Younger Classes of Readers. 12mo, 2s. bound.
- II. PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION; containing numerous Rules, Observations, and Exercises, on Pronunciation, Pauses, Inflections, Accent, and Emphasis; also, Copious Extracts in Prose and Poetry; calculated to assist the Teacher, and to improve the Pupil, in Reading and Recitation. Second edition, 12mo, 4s. 6d. bound.

III. A SYSTEM of GEOGRAPHY, for the Use of Schools and private Students, on a New and Easy Plan; in which the European Boundaries are stated, as settled by the Treaty of Paris and Congress of Vienna; with the Elements of Astronomy, an account of the Solar System, and a variety of Problems to be solved by the Terrestrial and Celestial Globes; second edition, enlarged and greatly improved; 12mo, without maps, 4s. 6d. bound; or with nine maps, drawn and engraved for the work, 6s. 6d. bound.

IV. A NEW GENERAL ATLAS, containing distinct Maps of all the principal States and Kingdoms throughout the World, in which the European Boundaries, as settled by the Treaty of Paris and Congress of Vienna, are accurately delineated; royal 4to, coloured outlines, 18s. half bound; or full coloured, 21s.

SCOTT'S LESSONS, improved by the Author.—**LESSONS in READING and SPEAKING**; being an Improvement of Scott's Lessons in Elocution, by William Scott, the original Compiler. Stereotype edition, fine paper, 12mo, 3s. bound.

A Concise System of PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC, adapted to the use of Schools, by A. MELROSE, late Teacher in Edinburgh; revised, improved, and greatly enlarged, by A. INGRAM, Mathematician; with Tables of the Monies, Weights, and Measures, now used in Great Britain and Ireland, including a comparative View of the proposed New System, by W. STENHOUSE, Accountant, Edinburgh; second edition, 18mo, 2s. bound.

A KEY to INGRAM'S ENLARGED EDITION of MELROSE'S ARITHMETIC; containing Solutions of all the Questions in that Work. By A. INGRAM; 18mo, 3s. bound.

INTRODUCTION to PENMANSHIP, or First Book for Children, by J. WEIR, price 9d.

BUTTERWORTH'S WORKS.

I. YOUNG WRITER'S INSTRUCTOR; containing his Method of Teaching, by which one-half of the Paper is saved and the Pupil greatly benefited; with a variety of Specimens, calculated to inspire a true taste for Useful and Elegant Writing; 7s. 6d. done up in a neat printed cover.

II. USEFUL ARITHMETICAL TABLES, 3d.

III. YOUNG ARITHMETICIAN'S INSTRUCTOR; combining accurate Writing, correct Figures, and judicious Arrangement; designed for the use of Schools and Private Families; 5s. done up in a neat printed cover.

IV. NEW UNIVERSAL PENMAN; displaying in a variety of Elegant Specimens, the Beauties of Plain and Ornamental Writing; folio, L.1, 1s. sewed.

RUDDIMAN'S LATIN RUDIMENTS, corrected and improved by Dr HUNTER of St Andrews; 12mo, 1s. 6d. bound.

DR. HUNTER'S VIRGIL (School Copy,) Third Edition, corrected and improved; 18mo, price 3s. 6d. bound.

STENHOUSE'S RECKONER, and TABLES of MONIES, WEIGHTS, MEASURES, and EXCHANGES of all Nations, entitled,

The **BRITISH READY RECKONER, and UNIVERSAL CAMBIST,** for the Use of Bankers, Merchants, Farmers, Tradesmen, and Men of Business in general; compiled from the most authentic Sources, by WILLIAM STENHOUSE, Accountant in Edinburgh, Author of the Tables of Interest, &c. Third edition, greatly enlarged and improved; price, bound in sheep, 5s.; or in roan, with a tuck, 4s.

PARK'S TRAVELS, by CAMPBELL.—TRAVELS, in the years 1795, 1796, 1797, also in 1805 and 1806, by MUNGO PARK; including both Expeditions of that celebrated Traveller, compiled from his Papers, and other authentic Sources, by JOHN CAMPBELL, Esq. with a beautiful frontispiece, designed by Corbould; 12mo, 4s. 6d. boards.

COWPER'S POEMS, with a Memoir of the Author, and Critical Remarks on his Writings, written expressly for this Edition, with a beautiful vignette and frontispiece, designed by Corbould; 24mo, 4s. 6d. boards.

MORE'S (HANNAH) SACRED DRAMAS, vignette and frontispiece, 24mo, 2s. boards.

ESSAYS, vignette and frontispiece, 24mo, 2s. boards.

SEARCH after HAPPINESS, with a vignette, frontispiece, and wood cuts, 24mo, 2s. boards.

THOMSON'S SEASONS, fine vignette and frontispiece, from designs by Corbould, 24mo, 2s. boards.

JUVENILE INCIDENTS, or the Studies and Amusements of a Day, with 19 beautiful engravings on wood, 18mo, 1s. 6d. half-bound.

The FAIRIES' REPERTORY; containing choice Tales, selected from Mother Bunch, Mother Grim, and Mother Goose; with plates, 18mo, 2s. 6d. half-bound.

WINTER EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS; containing a variety of pleasing Tricks and humorous Deceptions, for the amusement and instruction of youth; by JASPER WISEMAN; 18mo, 2s. hbd.

The LITTLE COLLIER of the **BLACK FOREST**, or the **MAGICAL MIRROR**, a Moral Tale; to which is added, the **UN-TOWARD ORPHAN**; 18mo, plates, 2s. half-bound.

LITTLE DESERTER, or **HOLIDAY SPORTS**, with 15 plates, 18mo, 2s. half-bound, or with coloured plates, 5s.

JUVENILE GAMES of the **FOUR SEASONS**, with 16 beautiful cuts, representing the different Amusements, 18mo, 2s. half-bound, or with coloured plates, 3s.

PICTURESQUE TRAVELS in **ASIA**, **AFRICA**, **AMERICA**, **POLYNESIA**, and the Southern Nations; containing a Description of these Countries and their Inhabitants, with a variety of amusing and instructive Anecdotes; embellished with 24 neat cuts, representing the Costume of the different nations, 2 vols 18mo, 5s. half-bound, or in one volume 18mo, 4s. 6d. boards.

FIFTEEN SERMONS to **CHILDREN**, by a Lady; to which are added Select Hymns, suited to the subjects; 32mo, 6d. sewed.

BARBAULD'S HYMNS, in prose, for Children; calculated to impress the Infant Mind with Early Devotion; fine wood cuts, 18mo, 6d.

WATTS' DIVINE SONGS, embellished with 28 engravings on wood, the most beautiful edition ever printed, 6d.

The LITTLE MONITOR; or, Good Examples for Children; with 15 very fine engravings on wood, 6d.

LITTLE DESERTER, or **HOLIDAY SPORTS**, with 15 beautiful engravings on wood, 6d.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, wood cuts, 6d.

and
18mo,

choice
; with

con-
sistent
old

EST,
e ON-

RTS,

with
a half-

TICA,
a De-
of
es, re-
a half-

ady ;
wed.

tren ;
e wood

h 28

es for

RTS,

Le Gorge.

This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Early Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by

MISS RUTH ADOMEIT

